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The Passing Show.

Work to abolish the system which makes you a beggar asking another man for work.

Work against the system that makes a class war inevitable, and that is responsible for the starvation of children.

The Capitalist system must be abolished if the human race is to continue, for the Capitalist system is responsible for the piling up of armaments, for war, and for the waste of human life.

The British Empire, with all its humbug, patriotism, and loyalty, is tottering beneath the weight of Capitalist iniquity.

A startling report has just been issued by the Chief Medical Officer of the British Board of Education. "The general condition of health of the children in British elementary schools," says the report, "is so extensively defective as to amount to a serious national evil."

It is said that since 1907, when an Act was passed providing for the medical inspection of school children, 1,500,000 had been examined annually. The evidence obtained by these examinations showed that a vast number of children were deplorably underfed and diseased was rife amongst them as a result. In only one urban area, Burton-on-Trent, was the percentage of healthy children good. In only five areas was there over five per cent. of well-nourished children. In the great majority of cases the figures were miserably low. At Blackburn, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, only 5 per cent. of the children were properly fed, and in Middlesex the percentage was under four. In London, 200,000 children were examined and half of them were found to be defective. The examining doctors recommended 78,000 for treatment, and over 27,000 were treated in hospitals. The report shows that 26,000 school children of England and Wales are feeble-minded, and a large percentage of them are incapable of being educated.

The "Times," the leading Capitalist organ of the British Empire, admits the facts contained in the above report, and says that "the general causes arise from conditions of feeding, housing, and overcrowding, which were universally condemned." But these general causes are themselves the effects of a previous cause which has its roots in the economic system of Capitalism.

Throughout the British Empire the system in vogue divides the people into two classes, one of which owns the land and machinery of production, and the other nothing but its power to labour. The owning class has the power to take more and more of the wealth produced by the working class. It has the power to take so much of the produce of labour that the workers and their families are underfed, badly housed, and over-crowded in slum dwellings.

For many years Socialist writers and speakers have been pointing to the evil results of Capitalism. They have drawn attention to the wretched and unhappy condition of the workers of the British Empire, and their statements have been denied, their arguments misrepresented, and their motives belied. Now, however, the awful condition of Britain's workers is admitted in the report of the highest medical authority in the great home of Capitalism. He has surveyed the general condition of the children in the elementary schools, and he finds them so ill-nourished, so sickly, so mentally and physically diseased that their condition is a "serious national evil."

Many of Britain's school children will never reach maturity—they will be murdered by the system. In a few years, those who survive will form the adult population of Britain. On them will depend the productive power, the stability, and the welfare of the land. A large percentage of them are growing up with a sad certainty before them that they will be feeble, unfit, and degenerate. They will be the fathers and mothers of the next generation; and it needs little stretch of imagination to picture what their children will be like. A few generations only will suffice to leave Britain in such



Following Christ.

From "Woe," a collection of paintings by Emil Holack.

a state of despair that remedy will be almost hopeless.

But: There must be refuge! Men Perished in winter winds till one smote fire From flint stones coldly hiding what they held, The red spark treasured from the kindling sun: They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn, Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of men: They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech, And patient fingers framed the lettered sound. What good gift have my brothers, but it came From search and strife and loving sacrifice!

And the refuge is Socialism, the antithesis of capitalism with its underfeeding, overcrowding, and disease.

Under Socialism, there will be no class struggle, for the people will all be of one class. Under Socialism, there will be work for all and food for all, and the insane greed and fear of the present will pass away for ever.

The cries of underfed children are an awful indictment of the Capitalist system. They will be heard by millions in every part of the globe, and though many will not heed them, a growing number will gird themselves and redouble their efforts to secure them justice.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years? They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,

And that cannot stop their tears. The young lambs are bleating in the meadows:

The young birds are chirping in the nest,

The young fawns are playing with the shadows:

The young flowers are blowing toward the West—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,

In the country of the free."

When read in conjunction with the British medical report, those lines of Mrs. Browning's are the most tragic and pathetic in all literature. They are an indictment of Capitalism, and an appeal to the humanity and compassion in every human heart.

Lady Stout, wife of New Zealand's Chief Justice, is still advocating "direct action" in the columns of the Sydney press. In the "S. M. Herald" (18.12.12), she said: "You find it hard to find reason or justification for such actions as the destruction of letters and the breaking of windows?" So did I—till I went to England. But if you could see the poverty and the misery of London, the miserable creatures sleeping

on the Embankment, the hundreds of mal-formed people, the sin and sorrow that are part of the everyday scene, and the utter disregard of them by the majority of people, you would realise that it takes desperate measures to arouse the average Englishman. As one man said, "No great reform has ever been worked in England without violence—a sad truth."

Lady Stout's contention is that it is useless to argue with the average Englishman. You can neither appeal to his heart nor his head, you must appeal to his pocket by an attack upon his property. One can imagine the pious horror such a contention would arouse in the "Herald" office if Peter Bowling or some other unionist gave expression to such views.

A press cable states that Keir Hardie, M.P., in a letter to London "Daily News," asks for subscriptions to fight the compulsory clauses in the Australian Defence Act. Commenting on this, Senator Pearce, Minister for Defence, says: "I think that it refers to compulsory service in England. If it does refer to Australia, I say that the money could be spent better nearer home." There will be plenty of money to fight Conscription in England with which the disease breaks out there. At present the money is confined to Australia, and Hardie probably thinks of attacking it here to prevent it from spreading. There is plenty of British money floating about the world helping to spread militarism which would be better spent in Britain in relieving distress, but neither Senator Pearce nor any of his political or political allies object to some of it being spent in Australia.

Mr. Cunn, M.P., complained (17.12.12) in the Federal Parliament that "military officers in N.S. Wales had cut down farmers' fences and allowed cattle and horses to stray." The farmers are generally the worst sufferers from military operations in time of war, but in most countries their rights are respected in time of peace. Only in the Commonwealth are the military caste at perpetual war with the rest of the community. The militarists have captured the schools, churches, press, parliaments, and other institutions, so the farmer need feel no surprise if his hen-roost and calf-pen are no longer sacrosanct. The military Moloch can do no wrong!

The daily press announces the candidature of Peter Bowling for the Federal Senate, and some space has been devoted to the situation created by the irrepresible one. The Sydney "Telegraph" says: "The unionists, it is declared, in a good many quarters are getting sick of the Labour party as it is at present constituted, and they are ripe for something new. Does the leader of the more aggressively militant section of the Committee that made such a hash of the great Newcastle coal strike represent this 'something new?' Possibly he may. He stands, at any rate, for 'class' consciousness in its intensest form. He may stand also, unless he has changed his mind very lately, for the feeling which seems rather to be growing out here, since the discovery that arbitration may benefit more sides

than one, and that prices follow wages in their arbitrary ascent—the feeling that strikes are the proper and only remedy of the working man. But what would a follower of this doctrine promise his possible constituents? Freedom to strike, and the withdrawal of the police? Credit at State subsidised stores for strikers and their families? At any rate, it does seem as though the extreme section of Labour was tiring of the orthodox Labour politician and his tardy methods of 'reconstructing society.'"

The "Telegraph" is astray as usual. Bowling and the Newcastle Strike Committee had the owners beaten and badly scared when the Wade Government came to their rescue with the leg-irons. The great mistake the Strike Committee made was in assuming that the Government was not dominated by the mine owners and would remain neutral. With regard to the "Something new" which the workers want, it looks like a forlorn hope to seek to introduce anything new into the political sphere. The place for something new is amongst unionists on the job, and the shape it should take is that of Industrial Unionism. In taking to the political arena Bowling is abandoning the place where his strength lies and where his organising abilities are most needed. In politics he will be outnumbered by opportunists, palliators, compromisers, strike breakers, and arbitrators. He can do nothing there unless it may be to draw the salary and use it for organising purposes.

The doctrine that "prices follow wages in their arbitrary ascent," enunciated by the "Telegraph" in the above extract, is a sample of the economic chaff served up for the worker's consumption. The workers rarely ask for a rise unless prices force them. The workers live on the minimum line generally; it is only when they are pushed down below it that they get busy.

Labour Member Hickey wrote to the "Bulletin" (19.12.12) in defence of the N.S. Wales Government's action in aiding the Broken Hill Proprietary Company in establishing steel works. He says that the Company has "£3,000,000 going begging why should we be dog in the manger." The £3,000,000 is probably American Steel Trust Capital and the Labour Party in assisting the Broken Hill Company will be helping the growth of the Yankee Trust which is contrary to the principles of the P.L.L. and the Federal Labour Party. The Steel Trust is more powerful than the American Government, and once it is firmly established here, it will be amusing to watch the efforts of Labourites to curtail its power.

N.S. Wales Orangemen are raving against the appointment of Sir Gerald Strickland as Governor of the State. It seems that the new Gov. is a holy Roman, and a Catholic Governor is something which no loyal Orangeman can tolerate. The Home Rulers in the House of Commons are objecting to the appointment of Mr. Ellison-Macartney as Governor of Tasmania, on the ground that he is an Orangeman, and opposed to Home Rule for Ireland. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

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Women, withdrawn from domestic work, and sharing the social work with men, have the right and the obligation to concern themselves with politics, to take part in the Socialist movement. We shall open our ranks to them; in the Socialist Party they can be active in any work for which they find themselves fitted, and in the communist society they will find again their citizen rights which they lost when the matriarchal family was supplanted by the patriarchal.

—Lafargue.

A Widespread Conspiracy.

Civil Rights being Undermined by Privilege.

Conscription a trap set for the workers by the aristocracy of all countries.

Very few workers apart from the Socialists, fully appreciate the importance of fighting militarism, or are in the least aware of the widespread conspiracy behind it.

A hundred years ago the aristocracy ruled with but little let or hindrance from the people beneath them. The workers had no political representation, no right to form unions or other combinations, and were absolutely at the mercy of the ruling class. Economic forces have altered these conditions to some extent, and these same forces threaten increasingly the remaining feudal privileges of birth and wealth.

These privileges are being attacked by an increasingly intelligent working-class, and the aristocracy in their alarm, are seeking to counter the attack by covertly introducing such changes as may again subject the workers to the domination of those classes which alone have leisure to devote to military organisation.

Conscription is the means by which this is to be accomplished, and as Conscription is naturally repugnant to those who have reached the age of manhood, it is sought to secure the adoption by grafting it upon the boy scout movement. By adopting this method it is believed that in a decade or two the present youth of the British Empire will be so disciplined and habituated to military duty that they will cease to oppose it.

That Conscription is needed to protect us from invasion, or to improve our physique, our morals, or our industry, is the greatest imposture with which the dominant class has ever attempted to delude us.

The fact is that the aristocracy has everything to gain, the workers everything to lose, by the militarisation of this country, and more especially by the capture of our schools by militarists. The privileged class need fear nothing more from labour when once the labourer has been made a Conscript, because if he strikes as a labourer, he can be mobilised as a Conscript to quell strikes, to quell his class and himself—or be tried by court martial and shot if he refuses. Nothing more need be hoped for by labour when once the labourer has been made a Conscript, subject to military training and military law. Every civil right will be gone—free speech, free press, and the right to organise and combine to bring about better conditions of life. Even trial by court-martial will supersede trial by jury.

That it is a trap set for the workers may be seen from the facts that are coming to light daily. The movement towards Conscription is becoming a clearly marked political tendency throughout the Commonwealth, New Zealand, South Africa, Britain, and America. Beneath all the fine phrases with which conscriptionists regale us, the hidden snare can be detected, and when we see the class that is baiting it in the above-mentioned countries, we are justified in crying, "beware of thieves!"

With the plutocracy in the movement in favour of Conscription are vast numbers who stand to gain from the spread of militarism. There are the lords of finance, armament manufacturers, mischief-making politicians, piratical exploiters of the working-class, and military officers who hope for professional chances, promotion and all that makes a declaration of war a joy to them. These are the "dangerous classes." These are the true invaders. None of these people mean the workers well. None of them have any love for the working class, and the papers who are aiding and abetting them are noted for their hostility and treachery to the class which produces everything for them. War is their harvest. They sell two or three

editions a day in war time. Their posters lie, and their news columns distort facts and vilify a neighbouring nation.

Captain Ross, D.S.O., in his book, "Representative Government and War," says on page 23:—

"The duty of the intelligence corps, in peace time is not only to obtain good information for their employers, but to have false information circulated, sedition and disunion caused in the ranks of the adversary, and that adversary brought into disrepute throughout the civilised world."

These are the words of a military writer, and they are the ethics of the war party. In peace time wholesale lying, and slander of neighbouring peoples, theft of their secrets, and bribery of their officials. And statesmen pay for this sort of thing while they build courts of justice and jails to punish individuals for these very practices.

"The soldier," says Lord Wolsey, "must be taught to despise those in civil life," and he does so. He regards the civilian as a dull-witted animal, fit only to pay for ammunition wagons and accoutrements. The manufacturers of war material regard the civilian in the same way. They adopt the same ethical code.

In March, 1909, a man who dealt in gun-mountings for battleships, filled the British Government with false alarms. The engineering and ship-building trades were slack at the time and retrenchment was the rule. Eight Dreadnoughts would put life into them in many quarters, and the false alarms were raised to force the Government to build them.

There was a suit of great instructiveness tried in Manchester some years ago and reported in the press there. A firm which built ironclads was sued by an agent of theirs for commission. The revelation of their business methods was so enlightening to the public that they settled the case out of court after one day's hearing. It appeared that this man, travelling about the world as a particularly well-provided and well-informed gentleman, got into confidential relations with the war offices of countries in the East and in South America, and alarmed them about their neighbour's secret preparations. He would explain to the statesmen of one country that their neighbours were ordering an ironclad, and that they should be on their guard and similarly prepared. The same treatment would be applied to the statesmen of the other power, and an order humbugged and scared out of them. Besides other commissions and allowances, this messenger of sordid war got heavy pay for each new ironclad ordered.

The same people who frightened the British Cabinet in 1909 are at the old game still. They are operating in Australia, and are crushing all opposition even down to the lone and defenceless widow with an only son.

Against these financiers, officers, newspapers, builders of ironclads, manufacturers of war material, and the vast army of their unthinking dupes, against interests stimulated by all the strength of greed for personal profit, this paper is standing in a battle which ought to be that of every member of the working class. We have done what we could to oppose the unseen and influential enemies of the people, and we have fought and exposed the noisily prevalent and ignorant, and now we feel certain that if the people were asked to pronounce judgment upon the Conscription Act they would condemn it from one end of the Commonwealth to the other.

Human Brutes.

The flogging of Allen Moore and Edward McDonald at Pentridge, last Monday (16/12/12), was an outrage and a crime against every citizen of the Commonwealth. In the eyes of the outside world, the revengeful savagery of flogging men undergoing a life sentence will reflect discreditably upon every individual of every State of the Australian Commonwealth. In the flogging of these men we all were flogged, and enlightened people under more humane laws will wonder what people it is that is not satisfied with the sentence of life imprisonment—the most severe, short not even of death itself. It will be said of us that we are a people who are callous and fit for any society; that, somehow, by some inexplicable freak of politics, the descendants of those who so unmercifully flogged convicts in the brutal early days and earned the righteous indignation of all other persons, have got the upper-hand, and have re-introduced the old barbarous and inhuman methods. And they will be justified in what they say, for those who can flog men who are sentenced to a living death, could administer the lash to a man who stood upon the gallows trap waiting to be murdered by law. It is bad enough, surely, to sentence those whom experts in criminology have come to regard as irresponsible beings, to death or life imprisonment, but to flog them also is no less inhuman than it would be were we to gouge their eyes out, sear their flesh with hot irons, or tear their fingernails from their fingers before destroying them.

We are told by a shocked press—and the press of Australia is hard to shock—that the degenerate brute who did the flogging is "young, well-educated, and as handsome

Facts which Must be Faced.

Capitalist Environment Producing Disease.

Millions of American children sickly and defective—sad victims of capitalism.

(By Simon L. Katzoff, M.D., in "N.Y. People.")

At the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, as well as at any other hospital or clinic in the country, a physician has a good opportunity to obtain valuable statistics and useful information not only on matters pertaining to Medicine and Surgery, but also on psychology, economics and sociology, which in reality is worth more to the intelligent doctor than his scattered and superficial conception of a few drugs and how to bandage a bruised limb or disfigured part.

You cannot treat diseases in a scientific manner to-day unless you know the etiology or cause of it. How can, therefore, the average physician treat a patient intelligently, when he has no idea of the underlying economic conditions which make up the environment of the individual, and in time produces the inevitable disease or abnormal condition? Is there any wonder then, that so many millions of suffering people die annually?

Then again, what can the helpless, little doctor do for a sick man or woman after he DOES find out the cause? Very little beyond nothing. Because the cause, nine times out of ten, has its direct origin in economic conditions. He can only remove the patient's ills by removing first the CAUSE, which is his present economic environment, the present chaotic, cannibalistic, co-called system of society.

Investigations reveal unpleasant surprises. Here comes the latest bulletin issued by the United States Bureau of Education, which informs us that 75 per cent. of the twenty million school children in this country suffer with abnormal conditions detrimental, not only to themselves, but also to the communities all over, spreading the diseases as they go along! The statistics, gathered, no doubt, from reliable and authentic sources, prove the following: About 400,000 children in the United States have organic heart disease; about 1,000,000 children had or have tuberculosis of one part of the body or another; about 1,000,000 children have spinal curvature, flatfoot or some other deformity; about 5,000,000 children, or 25 per cent., have defective vision; about 1,000,000 children have defective hearing; about 5,000,000 children suffer from our profit-grabbing brought about condition which we term malnutrition, which simply means the accumulative effect and final result, of eating cold-storage eggs, meats, dog-sausages, overcooked and under-baked foods, adulterated foods, canned fish and meats, impure water, etc. More than 10,000,000 have decayed or bad teeth, which interfere with proper mastication and deglutition of the food, hence stomach and intestinal disorders which are bound to follow. About 6,000,000 children have hypertrophied tonsils, adenoids or enlarged cervical glands which need to be attended to.

The above figures are cold, sad truths which stare us in the face. If we observe closely we note that these diseases are becoming more prevalent and are classed among the common cases. What does the medical profession do to obliterate these pests? What CAN it do?

At the Post-Graduate Hospital, where I happen to be, one can see hundreds of suffering victims of capitalism coming to these amphitheatres and clinics, week in and week out, making an effort once more to obtain their lost vitality and health from these helpless doctors. The physiognomy, anemic color of the skin, sunken eyes, shrunken chests, weak, peculiar gait, decayed teeth, torn shoes, shabby clothes, etc., go to make up an early economic diagnosis as to what kind of work this cripple has been doing. All the interrogations put to the patient bring out more and more the sad fact that the factory, mill, sweat-shop, or other industries are gradually digging the grave where he is to go in the very near future. What good can the doctor's quinine, opium, and calomel (his standby) do for these sufferers?

Most all patients with impaired vision work in dark rooms by day and poor illumination by night. To tell them to go to the country for six months, and look at the sky and talk to the birds, is as much as to say "Drop dead!" The doctor doesn't know, or forgets that to-morrow morning at 6 a.m. sharp, the workingman patient MUST be at the gate of the shop, or his wife and children will be at liberty to starve in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

Only a few days ago a woman was examined, and as part of her history it was

as the young men on the covers of an American novel: that "the way he wielded the cat excited the admiration of even the blasé prison officials." His efficiency he attributed to the "application of brains to his work," and he was highly eulogised by the Chief Secretary of the State "for his high character and lovable disposition." What a people we are! Ruled by human brutes!

found out that she aborted six times in the last two years. Upon further questioning we learned that she worked in a sweat-shop for twelve hours every day, during pregnancy. And she told us that she had to help make a living as her husband was sick. All the drugs in the materia medica, all psycho-therapeutic means or any mechanical applications, hot-air pill, or even prayers, cannot do this patient any good.

Senate Document No. 767 discloses the fact that more than 1,500,000 deaths occur annually in the United States, and about 3,000,000 people get sick every year. It also tells us that 42 per cent. (nearly half) are preventable. According to the above figures, we have a Titanic disaster every week in this country of "equal rights for all, special privileges for none." About 1,400 people (workers) die every week, due to diseases which are PREVENTABLE!

These 1,400 workers go to graves before their time because, they do not have the means of having the necessary hygienic surroundings and medical attention! And our medical profession, as well as our "philanthropists," don't even stutter or stammer a word or syllable towards making an attempt to do away with this PREVENTABLE weekly disaster!

How many rich men do you know who died of diseases which could have been prevented by hygienic surroundings? How many capitalists get tuberculosis annually? How many children of the "400" die of malnutrition? How many of the rich die of lead-poisoning, as do the poor? How many capitalists die due to explosions in mines every year? How many of the rich die annually on account of ruining their eating capacities with storage eggs, dog-sausages, canned fish and meats, impure water, etc.?

The more intelligent physicians to-day admit quietly that the only true way to cure disease is to remove the CAUSE; then the effects will of themselves disappear. Therefore the only remedy is that which is suggested by the only true doctor—the Socialist. Organise and educate the worker so that he may become class-conscious; be organised politically as well as industrially (using BOTH hands) so that he may bring out the only sane, humane, healthy system for mankind: Socialism!

Money for Conscriptionists.

Lord Roberts, the Great High Mogul of Conscriptionists, is doing his best to rouse the war parties of England and Germany. At a demonstration arranged by the National Service League to get Britishers to undergo Conscription, the little boulder made insulting and provocative references to Germany. Amongst other things, he said: "Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck. . . . It is an excellent policy; it is, or should be, the policy of every nation prepared to play a great part in history. . . . What, then, is my plan and counsel? . . . Arm for the time of your ordeal is at hand." To the dog, this is a world of smells. To the military homicidal maniac, it is a world of wars.

After Lord Roberts's speech before the National Service League demonstration, 150 Conservative members of Parliament wrote congratulating him upon his inflammatory utterances. The chief supporters of Conscription in Britain are the Conservative aristocrats, the people, who, above all others, are incapable of a generous thought towards the working class. These people, by reason of the environment and the way they get their wealth, are unable to look at political and social questions from any other standpoint than that of the human parasite. They encourage militarism, flagwagging, toadyism, and patriotism, and they cannot imagine why the workers cannot be satisfied with these things. The London Stock Exchange is raising a fund of £10,000 to support the National Service League in advocating Conscription for Britain, and some of this money will doubtless find its way to Canada and Australia to buy the services of ready writers and speakers in favor of this wide-spread conspiracy against the workers. Senator Pearce makes the same kind of speeches that Lord Roberts and other National Service League hirelings do in Britain, while H. E. Boote, of the "Worker" (Sydney), is making strenuous attempts to popularise Conscription with unionists and political labourites. How the English aristocrats must laugh at the neat way the Australian worker has been trapped and how must their emissaries here chuckle to think that they have at the head of the Defence Department a Minister like Senator Pearce, and on the principal Labourite paper a writer like H. E. Boote!

If each tool without compulsion, of its own power, were to execute its function, as the masterpieces of Daedalus moved of themselves, or as the tripods of Vulcan set themselves spontaneously at their sacred work, if for example, the weavers' shuttles wove of themselves, the chief of the workshop would have no further need of helpers, nor the master of slaves.—Aristotle.

What has been the effect of the machine? The machine has transformed individual production into communistic production.

—Lafargue.

The Apotheosis of Booth.

The "General" a Remarkable Man.

He founded the most thoroughly organised religious trust of modern times.

(By J. W. R.)

William Booth was in some respects a remarkable man. He has stamped his personality upon the Salvation Army, and that stamp will remain until the Social Revolution. He founded the most thoroughly organized Salvation Trust of modern times. The Roman Church held a monopoly of Salvation over nearly the whole of Europe for more than a thousand years, and the Salvation Army is the nearest approach to that kind of monopoly that modern conditions will allow. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the "General" was a descendant of Abraham. His Hebrew features and his amazing acquisitiveness is sufficient proof that he belonged to the pawnbroking section of that remarkable race. He is no doubt residing at the present time in Abraham's capacious bosom, and is probably trying to persuade Lazarus, the beggar, to wear a red shirt, and shout "Glory Hallelujah." The Salvation Army is run upon the same lines as any other profit-making capitalist concern. They will buy and sell anything from old clo' to sewing machines, but their strong point is selling what they don't buy that is what is given by the public; in fact, the rise of the organization and its development is the result of an organized and systematic fleecing of the public by the "cadging" method. It would be interesting to know the exact value of Salvation Army property to-day. One of the "General's" favourite hymns was "Heaven is my home," but he did not forget about earth all the same, and was well provided with a "home" here. Now, according to his disciples he has been "promoted to glory," and is having a high old time with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in fact, it is quite a family reunion. I don't know whether he will manage to get Sarah and Rebecca and Rachel to wear "Hallelujah bonnets" or not, or whether Abraham, Isaac and Jacob will take kindly to red shirts. I asked one of his disciples about it the other day, and he did not seem to like it. Seeing that the General stated during his visit to New Zealand that he would rise up at the resurrection in full uniform, I don't understand why the aforesaid disciple should be vexed about my humble enquiry. I don't think the "General" will be recognised as a saint in the future, as the age of credulity is drawing to a close, but there is one thing pretty plain, and that is that the capitalists are throwing in substantial sums of money towards a memorial for this master mummer. They know their best friend, and are generous.

'Tis religion that can give
Piles of boodle while we live.
'Tis religion that can buy
Praises for us when we die.

The present "General," who is Booth's eldest son, it is a kind of Apostolic Succession—is the only one of the "General's" sons who has not fallen out with the old man, and the only daughter, who has not left the fold, is Evangeline Booth, who is a kind of female edition of the "General" himself. As the "General" and headquarters were always guided by the Holy Ghost, it goes without saying that these disobedient children will get a shaking up when they shuffle off this mortal coil. The reason why the exploiters are so anxious to honour his memory is, because he and his organization has been a powerful means of keeping the working class in subjection. Their circus antics and their blood and fire and hell and damnation has appealed to the degraded imagination of the wasters of the slums, and this has been a sort of safety valve which has relieved to a great extent the danger of an explosion from beneath. This applies more particularly to large cities like London. The objective of the Salvation Army is to save the world. A world saved on Army lines would be a very strange affair indeed. I, for one, would not stop in it. I would rather seek the society of the damned. The theology of the Army is that old revolting and utterly savage hell-fire type. The "General" fixed it all up on his own account without any council of bishops, so that he was a Pope with more despotic power than any of the Roman Pontiffs. It is contained in a little red book entitled "The Doctrines of the Salvation Army." It is crude, savage, and ignorant, and utterly absurd, and in it he makes the amazing statement that God has been trying to save the world for centuries, "but He fails because He has such a wretched, cowardly set of soldiers to fight for Him." To remedy the helplessness of the Deity, Booth persuaded a rabble of "converted" harlots, bludgers, prizefighters and cheapjacks to enlist as soldiers of the Cross. Of course, all that is changed now, and a brave crowd of respectable soldiers march under the banner of "Blood and Fire." Perhaps the cruellest thing about the Army is the thousands of ignorant enthusiastic dupes who have suffered unspeakable hardships in their devotion to the Army with its "General" and his looting lieutenants. He and his officers have strutted about the globe with a flourish of trumpets

Socialism.

As an Australian Girl Understands it.

Socialism means a complete reconstruction of society, a new organisation.

(By Betsy Eager Miles.)

It is between pure communism and simple co-operation. Unlike communism, it does not advocate abolition of property, but does wish for a more just distribution of same.

Every man according to his capacity. Every capacity according to its capacity—and to carry out this movement is really the great goal of the Socialist movement.

It does not, as is often supposed, confine itself (like co-operation) to a mere regulation between capital and labour, quitting competition, transferring the profits from capital to labour, etc., but attempts a complete reconstruction of Society. It is the vices of men, and the miseries, which are the outcome of these vices that Socialism wishes to put a stop to—not another new religion, but a new organisation.

All men have really the same faculties and the same needs; they, therefore, ought to be given the same chances for education and food.

It wishes to restore more harmony to human nature to redeem it from the awful dualism of life.

The Science of Socialism.

The science of Socialism is to investigate in various lines of research, the principles and laws affecting the welfare of mankind, and may be termed natural science, including political economy.

What is the matter with Socialism?

What is the matter with Socialism? Like Christianity, it is being contaminated. The Christ, the founder of the Christian Church, walked, so we are led to believe, in very, very straight paths, wise and patient. But the so-called Christian followers of to-day having strayed from its original laws, and branded themselves Christians, are spoiling this great religion that has lifted this world so much, but now Socialism must rise to the occasion and lift people out of the mire the Christian (!) world is grovelling in.

Thus a class also of low-down, grab-all, and give-nothing, and earn nothing worth while type of man, ignorant and objectionable to-day, who, when the real pure-hearted Socialist asserts that properties and Royalities should be more equally divided or distributed, takes advantage of our few Socialist points, and pats himself on the chest, and gruffly says, "Yes, I'm a Socialist every time!" But this greedy class forgets what is expected, and 'tis this class of rotters, in a very vast number, that to-day shock the people who know nothing of real Socialism, and judge it, then, by this worthless type of male or female. No, 'tis the worthy, who are without chance, that we wish to help.

You, who know nothing of real Socialism in its truest sense, seek the real men, and remember that these men who are not fit to have the name of man, and who brand themselves Socialists, are impostors.

Only true, honorable, thinking men, nature's gentlemen, can be real Socialists, and unless you have a conscience, and unselfishly have humanity's welfare in the depths of your heart, please, I implore you, do not say you are a Socialist, for if you do, your contaminations will drag us down, and some other "ism" will have to arise and help us out of our plight.

Socialism will be the means of a thorough conversion of the world into a successful existence for every living being, mostly of the name of man and woman.

I was telling a little girl pal of mine one day about Socialism, and she said so quaintly, "But, dearie, it is really real Christianity under a new name."

"With these exceptions," answered I, firmly, "that our Socialists are not going to be like the Christ...not so gentle—not so meek as to get on to a cross and be sacrificed and persecuted. No! We'll fight for our ends with strategy and diplomacy and not quit this world tamely, leaving murderers behind us. God or nature gave the world to us all, and we will not be sacrificed by the few."

She was only a little girl, but her big eyes opened, and looked at me, as wisdom seemed to be dawning within her, and I knew she had begun to think about Socialism. And how about you, reader. Have you murky Christian ideas, or have I planted a seed that will produce a noble, natural Socialist?

and oceans of stage fire, while thousands of these heroic but blind and ignorant dupes have been living on bread and water in remote corners of the earth. Such is the awful history of superstition in every age. The apotheosis of Booth is being attempted by a time-serving system of society, but in the enlightened future William Booth will have to take his place amongst the criminals of history, who did all they could to mentally enslave and degrade the human race.

A Waterside Dream.

Importance of the Point of View.

From the Capitalist's view-point conditions are perfect: from the Worker's, a change is highly desirable.

(By G. B.)

A few days ago, whilst basking in the sun at one of "our" resorts, I was struck by the change in appearance of a prominent bluff which jutted out to the sea, when seen from a different view-point from that which I had generally witnessed it. And I thought so it is with our daily life, our outlook changes with the varying view-point. This world of "ours," seen from the Capitalist's point of view, is all that could be desired, from the revolutionary worker's, there is room for a mighty change. Thinking in this strain, I soon became drowsy, and in doing so I only followed what is customary with the members of my class whenever they attempt any mental activity, I fell asleep.

I saw the great common ruck struggling in the pit of a callous competition, their outlook limited by the dark walls of grinding toil which hemmed them in whilst there rings in their ears the din of the giant millstones of human endeavour, relieved occasionally by the wail of a soul-saving wower, whom I noticed was not down in the pit with the toilers, but situated near the mouth on an overhanging ledge.

High above, clear of the pit, stood the favoured few, their outlook limited not by any wall of daily toil, but with a clear view of the world in its beauty. Occasionally I saw one of these favoured ones endeavouring to gain a point beyond his fellows, slip and fall into the pit. Others would now and again walk to the pit's mouth and look below, as if desirous of understanding what was happening, but would soon return, not, however, without exchanging a few words with the wailing wower. Down below the mass, struggling monotonously at their tasks, writhe in their discontent. Ever and anon a fitful gleam from the sun of knowledge flashes through the gloom, and a few eager to escape gain by its truth displaying beam. They see a way out, but to escape they need the assistance of their fellow-fellows. By glib promise and silvery-tongued lies they reach the world of unrestricted vision, and soon forget the toiling ones so eager are they to know the world in all its beauty.

Meantime, the ruck work on, unceasing and unchanging, except by the tools with which they labour. These at first mere rude instruments are now giant machines, and so wonder working that nothing to them is impossible, even the breaking down of the walls of toil, which blind the workers and keep them at their task. A few there are whose minds have been enlightened by the gleams of the sun of knowledge, tell their fellow-workers of the world that might be theirs, but only a shake of the head and a hopeless tale of how a few called politicians had climbed on their backs and gained the higher world, but had left them to toil on, was the response. The enlightened few, undismayed by the trickery of the politician and the resultant apathy of the workers, continue to demonstrate the possibility of escape, not by climbing on another's back, but by concerted action, and use of the giant machines. Some, called "Anarchists," sick of waiting for the mass to respond, and failing to find any ready to lend them the use of their backs, attempted to clear the pit by hacking steps in the side of the cliffs with some old-fashioned tool. They succeeded for a time, only to fall back again, because of the turn inwards of the cliff higher up. Their individual effort was unavailing.

Now the constant agitation was moving the mass, and presently taking action the walls began to tremble, the wower was shaken from his perch, and the great machines, with their mighty power, skilfully manipulated by the enlightened workers, broke down the walls of blinding toil, and I awoke to find a policeman touching me gently with his dainty foot, and eager to inform me that the local council didn't allow anyone to lie full stretch upon the council's green sward.

The nucleus of the army of revolt consists of the workers of the highly centralised industries, because the very nature of their labour cultivates the spirit of solidarity. Nor is the class struggle confined to one country. In every land where capitalism lifts its head, irrespective of the form of government, creeds or races, there the modern class war rages, there the crack of the militiaman's rifle is heard, there the gaol doors swing open for the worker, there the courts are invoked to bind and gag the striker—and there is a branch of the Socialist movement. Over the bosom of the earth sweeps the spirit of the social revolution. Beneath the red flag with the feeling that when they free themselves they free all humanity, rally the forces of the coming democracy, hearkening to the clarion call first sounded by Marx and Engels. "Workers of all countries unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain!"—J. E. Cohen.

Brisbane Notes.

The Master-Bakers Introduce a New "Educator."

Union Bakers refuse to work with scabs, but Union Carters deliver their bread.

Last Thursday night was our half-yearly meeting, and a large amount of business was put through.

Saturday night at William-street we held a fine meeting, one of the best since we started propaganda work there. Beadnell in the chair. Alf. Reeves, as usual, drew the crowd into a good listening mood. In his own way he gave the crowd a lesson in science as applied to the Socialist movement.

Comrade Rositter, of the Socialist Fellowship, took the box, and delivered an address pregnant with revolutionary spirit from start to finish. I do not know if Comrade Rositter still believes in the possibility of socialising the Labour Party, but if appearance goes for anything the Brisbane Branch should soon be able to congratulate itself upon the addition to its ranks of a sterling and capable fighter for the cause.

Jack Read spoke upon the "Democracy of the Home." He kept the crowd interested to the very last.

No interjectors bar a couple of drunks.

Papers and literature sold very well.

Our meetings at William-street are beginning to draw larger crowds as time goes on. There are numbers of faces that are becoming familiar to the speakers, on account of their regular and interested attendance. I expect to see a big addition to our ranks one of those days as a result. At any rate, a number of workers are hearing the message of Industrial Unionism and Revolutionary Socialism. The seed is being sown, and when the proper time arrives the harvest will be gathered.

On Sunday night the writer lectured on "Syndicalism" in the Rooms, Stanley-street. In supporting the methods of industrial organisation adopted by the Syndicalists, I pointed out that combination of the workers on a class basis was the factor necessary to give the workers the economic power essential (according to the Marxian theory) for them to control the political machine. Therefore, the political action of the industrial bodies would simply mean the management of industry for the benefit of those employed therein, and for the community at large. That is Industrial Socialism. The debate that followed was intensely interesting. While all the speakers practically agreed upon industrial organisation, the tactics of the various Syndicalist bodies were adversely criticised by some. The debate was undoubtedly instructive.

Some time ago a number of the Master Bakers in Brisbane decided to join forces for the purchase and installation of automatic machinery. The premises of one of the members of the combine is being fitted up for the reception of this new "Educator of the Worker." The men employed at that particular shop scabbed during the late strike. They were sent temporarily to the bakehouse of another member, where Comrade McCarthy, President of the Bakers' Union, was employed. As Mc. would not be seen in the same paddock (never mind, in the same bakehouse) as a scab, he asked the boss to shift them. His request was refused, with the result that all the Union men in the place followed their President into the ranks of the unemployed. Mc. has gone to N.S.W., and the best wishes of all members here follow him. The Union bakers could hardly do anything else, could they? Well, listen. The Union carters employed by the firm are still at work delivering the scab bread all over Brisbane. In the name of all the hopes of working class emancipation, when is this organised scabbing going to stop? When are the workers going to hark to the cry wrung from the heart of Christ of present-day Socialism?

Workers of the World, unite. You have nothing to lose, but your chains. You have a world to gain.

EDW. H. BRADY, Sec.

Human Character.

But when we leave the Technique out of mind and only give thought to the successive stages of improvement in the character of man, we say he has come up from Savagery through Barbarism into Civilisation, which he is destined to carry to a higher level.

And thus has man climbed up a ladder of his own making—the ladder of the Technique.

Improving his tools, improving his means, man improves his environment, raises himself on to a higher plane of existence, and in this manner improves his own character. These successive environment are the material, the artificial foundations, of his social life, the artificial foundations of history.

There is a great difference between us and our ancestors of the Stone Age, but with their tools we should be practically the same as were they. Could they be resurrected and given our advantages, it is a practical certainty that they would be indistinguishable from us.

And so men's stepping stones to higher things are found in the means of production.

—Doymatist.

War and the Higher Sentiments.

One of the most accomplished war organisers of modern times—the German Von Moltke—once told a conference of peace delegates that: "War is holy, of divine institution; it is one of the sacred laws of the world, it preserves among men all the great and noble sentiments, honour, disinterestedness, virtue, courage, and prevents them, in a word, from falling into the most hideous materialism."

In spite of the opinion of Moltke and his vast army of followers, experience is proving that men of war, men with warlike instincts, are the pests of humanity. Scientists fight against ignorance and natural obstacles of all kinds in order to better our living conditions. Human benefactors pass their lives in searching out what may be beneficial to the race. Inventors, eager in their useful work, bring forward numerous discoveries increasing the wealth and comfort, and widening the knowledge of mankind, giving to all a sum of new truths, well-being, and strength. Then war comes, and in a month or two the Generals have destroyed the results of many years of patient work. All the brutal instincts are given free play. All the savage passions are appealed to, and this we are told saves us from "falling into the most hideous materialism." To invade a country, to murder men who defend their homes, because they are not wearing a soldier's cap, to burn the houses of miserable people who have no food, to smash furniture and loot and pillage, to drink intoxicants and rave in madness and obscenity, these are the signs of nobility, virtue, courage, these accomplishments prevent a people from "falling into the most hideous materialism." In war time men become brutes. They go mad and kill for pleasure like wolves. They lose all sense of truth, of honour, fairness, and justice. They have been known to shoot innocent people for practice and leave them weltering in their blood on the public roads. They have been known to shoot dogs on chain in order to try their new revolvers, and to send a whiff of grape shot amongst a herd of cows or a crowd of colored people for no reason whatever. O, they are a fine lot are the militants, and so far above "hideous materialism" that they have never done anything for the material welfare of mankind. What did the great Napoleon do? Ruined France, and slaughtered hundreds of thousands. What did any other soldier ever do to prove the possession of the qualities mentioned by von Moltke? What did they invent? Cannons and guns. That is all.

ONLY A DREAM.

I sat in my easy chair and dozed. I was startled by a noise without. Bands were playing, men were shouting, and I could hear the steady tramp, tramp of an army.

Presently the door of my room was unceremoniously pushed open, and three Japanese officers entered.

The leader advanced smartly, and said, "You are the Governor of this city."

"No, sir," I replied, "there is no Governor here."

"Well, where is the Commander-in-Chief of the army?" he asked.

"There is no Commander-in-Chief and no army," I said.

"Well if you have no Commander and no army to defend you, where is your gold stored, where are your banks?" the General asked.

"We have no gold, and there are no banks or bankers here," I said.

"What fools," exclaimed the Japanese with impatient scorn. "Do you not save for the time of need?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "We store up small quantities of food and clothing; but even that practice is dying out. The people constantly produce new goods in such quantities that we have no need to save much."

"Now, look here, my man," the officer said sharply; "we have come here to conquer Australia, and have taken possession. If you Australians are too lazy to fight to defend your country, we shall confiscate your wealth and property. You must show us where your wealthy class lives—your capitalists and landowners."

"There are no wealthy capitalists or landowners here. They were abolished years ago," I told him. "The people as a whole own all the land, buildings, and machinery of productions. Everybody works, everybody produces something useful, so that there is abundance for all."

"This is awful," said the General. "Our expedition will be a failure. We cannot have even one battle. No enemy, no wealth is all we can report to the Emperor."

"I am very sorry," I said; "but I dare say the Administrative Council will supply you with any food or clothing that you require. I am sure you will be made welcome to anything we have."

"Hang your food and clothing!" the General exclaimed. "We did not come for that. We came for war, bloodshed, and glory!"

As he spoke he wheeled round, and

What the Unions Exist For.

It is not the increase in wages which it may bring about that makes the union the great factor in the life of the working class which it is. It is not for that that the great modern battles between labor and capital are fought, no matter what their ostensible purpose might be. It is the protection from the grosser forms of arbitrariness on the part of the employer which it affords its members, thus increasing their security of employment, that forms the essence of the labor union; and it is for this that the great sacrifices are undergone by the working man in fighting for the "recognition of the union" or in the "sympathetic strike," the two forms of fight most odious to, and least understood by our ethical peace-makers between labor and capital, who would secure to each its "proper rights."

Going out from the assumption that the working man is nothing more than the beast of burden into which capitalism strives to convert him, they cannot understand why he should kick when the fodder in his trough is left undiminished. But the working man knows instinctively the secret power of the chains which keep him in bondage, and he tries to break them, or at least weaken them. He is not content to be converted into, or remain, a beast of burden; he wants to regain his moral courage, his manhood; and he knows that this can only be gained by organizing a social power which would do away with or at least lessen the insecurity of his employment, the source of his slavery. Hence his fight for the unions as such, which the good people cannot understand.

But the capitalists understand it; hence their savage fight just at this point. They will pay higher wages, and work their men shorter hours, and grant a lot of other "just and reasonable demands," if necessary, but they want no union, or, at least the open shop, for they want to remain "master of their own house." In other words they are content to keep their slaves a little better, but they will fight to the last ditch against the tampering with the chains of slavery, against the installing of moral courage, the fostering of the spirit of manhood in their slaves.—Boudin.

SOCIALIST POSTBAG.

Comrade E. Raps writes from San Francisco: I am sending you £1 for one year's sub. for paper and balance for Socialist Publishing and Printing Plant, and wish you success. I am receiving your paper by every mail, and like it very much, and hope you will make it a bigger paper. The Socialists in "Frisco" always engage a hall that holds 6000 and charge 1s. and 2s. admission and also take up a collection in the meeting. Give my best respects to all comrades.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

The General Secretary wishes to hear from Comrades who will help to arrange propaganda meetings in centres outside of Sydney. If any Comrade can arrange meetings, the General Secretary will arrange to send speakers.

Address all communications to
H. L. DEXFORD,
8 Stephen's Buildings, Windmill-St.
Millers Point, Sydney

Sydney.

During the past week the Branch speakers have carried on a vigorous outdoor propaganda in the street of the city.

On Sunday afternoon we joined with the Socialist Labor Party, the Industrial Workers of the World, and the Lithgow Strike Prisoners Release Committee in a monster demonstration in the Domain to demand the release of Lithgow Strike Prisoner W. G. Hatton. The speakers delivered stirring addresses from a lorry and the resolution submitted was carried with cheers by an audience of several thousands.

George Waite, President of the United Laborers' Union, occupied the chair, and in opening the meeting said that if Hatton had really been guilty of placing an obstruction on the railway the only result would have been that some of the Hoskins property would have been destroyed. If the Hoskins property was owned by the people there would have been no need for a strike. It was remarkable that while unions in Queensland had passed resolutions, the unionists of N. S. Wales were standing idly by just because a Labor Government was in power. Mr. Hall, Minister for Justice, said there were men in the cabinet who had absolutely no sympathy with Hatton.

with his companions went out banging the door after them.

I heard shouting in the street outside, and someone was crying "Even News: full account of the terrible tragedy of Mount Lyell!"

J. W. Roche, A.S.P. delegate for the Release Committee, moved:

"That this meeting of working class citizens endorses the action of the Lithgow Strike Prisoners Release Committee in its continuous and persistent endeavors in securing the release of three strikers, and in further asking for the release of Hatton who is still detained in jail, and condemns the Labor Government for their lack of sympathy with the unions asking for the release of W. G. Hatton."

He said that but for the efforts of the Release Committee Scully, Hayes, and Williams would still be in jail. The Government were afraid to release Hatton for fear of losing the middle-class vote. As for the Lithgow unionists who had refused to join in demanding Hatton's release, they were a callous and contemptible lot and had disgraced the name of unionism. They had taken a petition to Dooley and he had sold them.

T. Batho, S.L.P., seconded and said that the reason the Labor Party had not released Hatton was because they did not want to offend the judiciary and lose the middle-class vote. The ministry were absolutely out of touch with the workers, and the present Minister for Mines spent most of his time between the church and the pub.

Mrs. Lorrimer S.L.P., in supporting the resolution asked why it was that the working-class had to gather in the Domain to secure the release of Hatton? Why didn't the unions force the Government to release him when he was first jailed? The trouble with the workers was that they allowed the bosses to own their jobs.

Mr. Willis, President of the Southern Miners, said that he was sorry to have to address a meeting on such a subject in a democratic country.

People had to learn that they could only get from any government what they were able to force. The real crux of the whole question was that there was a strike on, and every method had to be taken by the capitalists to discredit the workers, with the result that Hatton had had to suffer for the capitalist class. If Hoskins had not tried to take a mean advantage of the Lithgow unionists there would not have been a strike. We intend to send speakers before the whole of the unions to arouse in them a sense of their responsibility. We have crawled to those in power long enough.

Jones, A.S.P., expressed his sympathy with the object of the meeting, and delivered a good address in support of the resolution. Grant, I.W.W., said that if there was any incident in working-class history in N.S.W. which emphasised the need of Industrial Unionism it was the case of W. G. Hatton. The resolution was carried with applause.

The Half-Yearly Meeting of the Branch will be held at Queen's Hall on Thursday Jan. 2. Business: Election of Officers and Half-Yearly Report.

Comrades Brown and Denford have been summoned by the Wollongong police for speaking in the streets of that town. The cases were to be heard at Wollongong on Monday. On account of the holidays we have to publish too early to print the result this week, but next week we hope to give readers information of how the fight for free speech goes.

There is a sinister look about the Wollongong prosecutions. It looks as if some power behind the police has issued orders to stop the growth of revolutionary propaganda. This view is strengthened by the arrest of Tom Glynn, of the I.W.W., for making insulting references to the King and the police at a meeting at Darlinghurst, Sydney, on Dec. 20. Glynn's case comes on for hearing on Friday.

Westralia.

We are a small band numerically in comparison with the "Downward" party, but the sound Marxian men on our side whose swords are burnished bright with a knowledge of the Class Struggle back and hew at the foundation of dogma, and with unflinching courage throw themselves upon the forces of Capitalism.

We were always of opinion that this was what was wanted of Socialists, but if a Sydney Socialist listened to the father's of the "Old Established Firm" in Perth, he would think that we could fight best by compromising. Their philosophy runs like this: "We can best attack militarism by making Socialists; but we are in favour of a Citizen Army." They appear to believe that a Citizen Army has nothing to do with militarism. They support the Labour Party's Conscription Act, which is more drastic and despotic than the German Act. Bluntly, we say they are a barrier to the progress of scientific socialism. I must admit that there are a few sincere and straight-forward Socialists who are endeavouring to straighten the movement and guide it clear of the reforming influence of Labour Members of Parliament and other Capitalist hirelings.

Our branch of the A.S.P. is quite prepared to meet any member of the old firm in public debate on the Subject of Revolutionary Socialism versus the compromising attitude of the Perth Socialist Party.

Our members are quite convinced that the Socialist Labour Lackeys are completely in the hands of the Scadden Government, and in the name of Socialism are playing the mean and contemptible game of waiting until our organiser clears the thorns from the path of progress in the new places. When we have cleared the way, one of the Perth Party goes along to preach "the true principles" as they call it. If they are preaching true principles, why not accept our invitation to debate. They have appointed Price Organiser, not to combat Labourism, but to fight step by step revolutionary Socialists who expose Labour politics and palliatives. They seem to exist to assist the political Brethren to keep their seats.

We are busy developing speakers, and Comrade Hokin is a promising recruit. He did well on Sunday at the Esplanade.

I have instructions to centre my efforts on Perth City for a time, and I hope to push the paper more than ever. We join with you in the hope that an organiser will soon be at work in each State, but I suppose that the Labour Saviors must spin their rope of sand to the end before much can be done.

A. A. RUTHERFORD,
Organiser.

Press and Maintenance Fund.

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SATURDAY.

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Newtown—Duffield, Walsh, Kilburn.
Bathurst—St., Gordon, Mandeno, Whitmore.

SUNDAY.

Afternoon: Domain, Condren, Mandeno Whitmore, Glebe.
Evening: Market-St., Gordon, Jones, Slade.
Balmain—C. Moore, Talbot, Nelson.
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Sydney Branch,

Australasian Socialist Party.

Meetings of the above branch are held at Queen's Hall every alternate Thursday, at 7.15 p.m.
Propaganda meetings held every Saturday evening at corner of Bathurst and George Streets, Sunday afternoon, Domain, Sunday evening, Market and Park Streets at 7.30 p.m.
Cecil WHITMORE, Secretary.
115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

Perth Branch.

Australasian Socialist Party,

Literary Institute, Hay Street.

Lectures are held at the Institute every Sunday evening at 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings held every Friday evening at the Railway Station at 8 p.m. Sunday afternoon at Esplanade at 3 p.m. Large quantities of Socialist Literature for sale at all meetings.—Thos. GIBSON, Sec. and Librarian,
Stirling-St., Perth.

Melbourne Branch

Australasian Socialist Party,

47 Victoria Street, Melbourne.

Lectures held at above address every Sunday evening at 7.30. Meetings at Smith-St., Fitzroy, and Markets, South Melbourne, every Friday evening. Members' Dance held every Saturday, commencing at 8 p.m.

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